NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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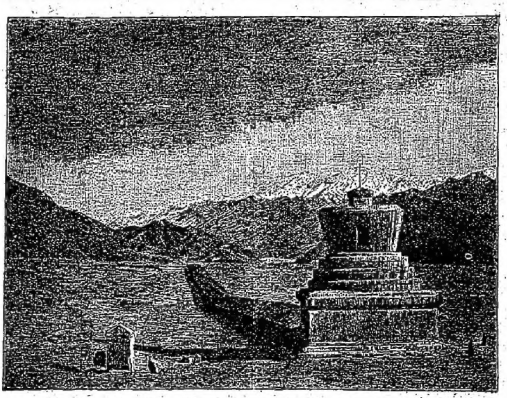


A Manupani, or Prayer Wall, near Leh, in the Heart of the Himalayas.

PRAYER BY MACHINERY.

A recent traveller in Western Thibet, E. F. Knight, remarks that if one were to judge by the number of altars, praying wheels, praying flags, praying walls, and other strange objects constantly encountered by the wayside, one would naturally conclude that this was the most religious country in the world. But the explanation, he says is that the religion is all outward and visible: the praying of the inhabitants is performed for them by the idols of their own making, and devotion and doctrine taking material forms in stocks and stones.

The roads that cross these arid wastes are lined with manis, of which a typical one, in the Indus valley near Leh, is represented in the illustration. This mani is a massive wall, or embaukment of stones, some ten feet high, and having a sloping roof. Every one of the large flat stones that form this roof is elaborately carved, in the pictorial characters of Thibet, with the inscription "*Om mani padmi om*"—the most commonly-employed prayer in this country. The translation of these mystic syllables is merely "*O, thou jewel in the Lotus O!*" If a native be asked what this phrase signifies, he will reply that he does not know, but that the words are very holy, and the repetition of them is a sacred duty. One explanation is that each of these six syllables represents one of the six spheres in which a soul can be reborn, and that, by constant repetition of them, the doors of each of these spheres may be closed, and hence Nirvana be obtained on death. These long walls of stone, some a mile in length, are found everywhere in Ladak, generally at the entrance of villages, but sometimes far away from any habitation. The thousands of stones composing a mani will all pray for one of the faithful, or rather, by their magic power, lessen the periods of purgatory for him and bring him nearer Nirvana whenever he walks by them, provided that he take care to leave the mani on his right hand. Thus it is that a road always divides on approaching a mani, a path running on both sides so as to accommodate a traveller coming from either direction. The two structures at the ends of this mani are large chortens, or sarchophagi, containing the ashes of pious Lamas.

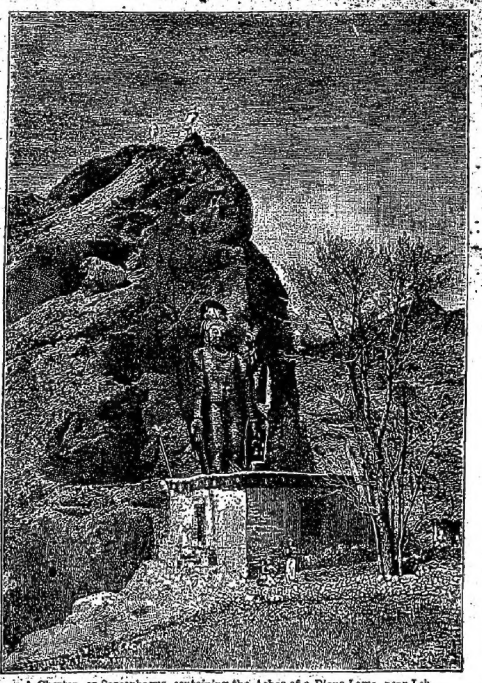
Most of the devotion of this strange people is literally carried on by machinery. Wheels containing rolls of prayers are turned by water power, and every time the wheel revolves it is working out the salvation of the man who put it up. On the tops of the houses wave flags inscribed with prayers, performing a like function; while many other artifices are employed to hasten the "Perfect Rest."

Frequent religious carvings are to be seen on the face of the cliffs. A good specimen of these is the idol of Chamba, a colossal figure cut out of an isolated rock near the monastery of Mulbeck, on the road from Kashmir to Leh.

The Buddhist of Thibet has a love for the horrible and grotesque in nature. He builds his monastery on what to ordinary men would appear to be the most undesirable spot possible; he perches it on the summit of some inaccessible pinnacle, or burrows into the face of some frightful precipice. Like the Solitaries of the Thebaid he seeks scenes of desolation, and in this desert country he has no difficulty in finding what he requires. The Lamasery, or monastery, of Shergol is carved out of a honeycombed cliff, forming, with some other cliffs of the same description, a giant flight of stairs on the slope of a bleak mountain of loose stones. The monastery itself is painted white, with bands of bright color on the projecting wooden gallery, so that it stands out distinctly against the darker rocks. There is not a sign of vegetation near; all round is a dreary waste of stones alone. From this Lamas' retreat the view of the mountains on the other side of the broad valley is particularly fantastic. The slopes from this distance appear quite smooth, falling to the bed of the river in regular furrows and waves, overlapping each other like those one often sees on a stream of lava that has cooled. These undulations are of various vivid colors—great streaks, a mile long, of pink, ochre, white, green, brick-red, and here and there of black. The effect is very curious; it looks as if some Brobdingnagian child had been making experiments with its first box of paints, and had daubed the mountain side with one color after another.

Some of the Lamaseries have Skooshoks, or Incarnations, as abbots. The Buddhists believe that after a man has attained a high degree of virtue, and has thus escaped liability to re-birth in and of the six ordinary spheres, he can, when he dies, either enter the Nirvana he has earned or return to the earth as an Incarnation. Only four monasteries in Ladak have Skooshoks as their spiritual heads, saints who have rejected the desirable Nirvana in order that they may live again to do good to their fellow men. When a Skooshok is about to die he calls his disciples round him and tells them where he will be re-born. The disciples after his death repair to the indicated place and pick out the Incarnation, by certain signs and holy marks, from among the other newly-born children. The chosen infant is carried away for over from home and family, to be educated in the sacred mysteries in the holy city of Lassa. He is then brought to the monastery of which he is the head, and takes up his residence there in a separate building, not busying himself with the worldly affairs of the brotherhood, but dreaming away the long, quiet years until the time comes for him again to die and be re-born in another earthly body. All those who know this country best affirm that Skooshoks and Lamas, as well as people, have an absolute belief in this doctrine of metempsychosis.

It is strange, by the way, that one never hears of Mahatmas in Ladak or in Thibet proper. The Lamas know nothing of the mysterious beings who are supposed to dwell in their midst, and who, while disdaining to manifest themselves to their own people, apparently delight in carrying on a telepathic communication with



A Chorten, or Sarcophagus, containing the Ashes of a Pious Lama, near Leh.

A Little Power Saved

alien disciples in Europe and America. The nearest approach to a Maliatma that one comes across in these regions is the Skooshok; but from the little I saw of these Incarnations I much doubt whether a European esoteric Buddhist would accept one as his spiritual master.

The monastery of Tikzay is one of those that can boast of having a resident Skooshok as its head. This Lamasery is built on the summit of an isolated peak, and is a most picturesque place, with the usual inleaning walls and open overhanging galleries that characterize Thibetan architecture.

When I visited Tikzay I was ushered by several red-robed Lamas into the presence of the Skooshok, whom I found sitting in a gallery at the very summit of his Lamasery. He is much looked up to by all the Lamas of Ladak as being a man of great learning. While completing his education at Lassa he passed the highest examinations, and is an adept in all the Buddhist mysteries. He appeared to be a man of about middle-age and had a gentle, intelligent face. He spoke but little, and had a dreamy, far-off look in his eyes. For most of the time that I sat with him he was abstractedly gazing at the immense landscape that was extended before him—deserts, oases, the far-stretching Indus valley and the great snowy mountain ranges rising one above the other. He pointed out this view to me with evident appreciation of its somewhat sterile beauties. His Incarnations here have been many. He was Skooshok of Tikzay when the British were naked painted savages, and has been—so he himself thoroughly believes—gazing century after century at the same glaring wilderness from this high monastery top. At times he uttered prayers, almost inaudibly, as he sat contemplating the scene with mild, sad eyes. When I had bidden farewell to the Incarnation, some of the Lamas took me over the monastery, where I saw the usual grotesque objects of Buddhist worship. The principal idol here is contained in a dark chamber or chasm in the rock. I peeped into this and perceived dimly the images of many grovelling demons who were being trodden underfoot by a black figure of gigantic dimensions. All that was visible of this figure was one huge foot, together with a portion of the lower leg. The rest of the body was lost in the obscurity, and the likeness of the god was left to one's imagination; but the image is on so great a scale that, were it continued upwards in proper proportion to the foot, it would tower high above the monastery roofs.

A visit to Thibet is apt to destroy some illusions. It is better to read of Buddhism in the glowing pages of "The Light of Asia" than to contemplate it from too near. As it exists in these regions it is a most degraded system of idolatry. The priests themselves have long since forgotten the meaning of the many complicated ceremonies and symbols of their religion, and have corrupted the beautiful teachings of Prince Siddhartha into an unmeaning superstition. Piety here appears to have nothing to do with morals; it is merely a question of the multitudinous turning of wheels, waving of flags and mumbling of syllables that have no sense.

THE BARACA BIBLE CLASS.

BY M. A. HUDSON.

The officers of the Sunday-school said it was hard work to hold a boy in the school after he was sixteen years of age, and some one mentioned the devil's old lie about boys having to sow their wild oats while they were young. That these two statements are false we think we have proved. Make the church the boy's home, centre his interests there, and you have him and his associates also.

A little over a year ago the Baraca Bible Class was without a name or constitution, and I might almost say without a definite aim. Eighteen members, three of them professed Christians, met in an upper room, one evening, amid great confusion and loud talk. The teacher's announcement that he had received permission to use the old storeroom under the belfry for a reading-room was received with applause, and a constitution was adopted, and officers were elected for six months. A committee to select a proper name and badge of membership was also appointed.

By the next Sunday the room had been cleaned and furnished by the boys themselves, and to it they marched after the opening exercises of the school, returning in military order for the closing service. The name chosen was "Baraca" (blessed), as found in 1 Chron. 12: 3, with a slight change in spelling.

This class has always used the daily papers in extending the work, by the way of publishing frequent accounts of the various meetings that were held, social, literary, etc., and in chronicling any new venture, such as the athletic and military departments, which have proved such a feature of the work. By this means, therefore, and with the help of lookout and missionary committees, the growth began at once; and soon there were thirty-five members enrolled. The reading-room was opened, each member giving his favorite book; and games of various kinds being available every evening, there was a good attendance. "Evening prayer" at 9.30 always closed the room. An amateur common council brought out the boys. The motto, "The Baraca Class for Christ," was adopted and hung on the walls.

During the revival meetings of the Rev. B. Fay Mills the class attended in a body, one evening, with marked spiritual results, many being converted. A Bible trainers' class and a class prayer meeting were at once organized and graduates began to leave us for Christ's work.

A successful lecture course was given, and finally a baseball club was organized, which has been a general favorite and almost uniformly successful. At the Sunday-school picnic the class held a "field day," with events, and with prizes donated by the business men of the city. A camp was held for a week. Later, a military company was formed, whose weekly drill in the lecture-room has led many strangers to the rooms and the class. This Company A is one of the most promising things in the Church.

The first president has felt a call from God to preach to the Freedmen, and a way has been opened for him to prepare himself for the work. We bade farewell to our first preacher and asked God for more.

The first anniversary was celebrated in the remodelled church, which has a reading-room on the ground floor, open every day and evening in the year. At this time it was found that the class had subscribed $600 towards the new building, and that there were sixty-seven members.—*Golden Rule.*

ALL HE WOULD ASK.

The late Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, sr., one of the most successful pastors who ever labored in this country, said: "The devil would never ask anything more of a minister than to have him feel that his mission was chiefly to the grown-up members of his congregation, while some one else was to look after the children."

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 26, 1893.

ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

Ezra, Hag., Zech., Neh.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psalm 119: 105.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezra 1: 1-11; 3: 1-13.—Lesssons I., II.
T. Haggai 2: 1-9.—Lesson III.
W. Zech. 3: 1-10; 4: 1-10.—Lessons IV., V.
Th. Ezra 6: 14-22; Neh. 1: 1-11.—Lessons VI., VII.
F. Neh. 4: 9-21; 8: 1-12.—Lessons VIII., IX.
S. Neh. 13: 15-22; Esth. 4: 10-5: 3.—Lessons X., XI.
S. Prov. 23: 15-23; Isa. 44: 9-20.—Lessons XII, 1, 2.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent.—What proclamation did Cyrus make?

School.—Thus saith Cyrus king of Persia, the Lord God of heaven hath charged me to build him a house at Jerusalem.

Supt.—What did he say to the Jewish captives?

School.—Who is there among you of all his people? Let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel.

Supt.—How many of the captive Jews returned?

School.—About fifty thousand.

Supt.—What did they do as soon as they came to Jerusalem?

School.—They built the altar of the God of Israel, and offered burnt offerings thereon, morning and evening.

Supt.—What did they do when the foundations of the temple were laid?

School.—The Levites, the sons of Asaph, sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord.

Supt.—What did Haggai predict for the encouragement of the people?

School.—The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace.

Supt.—What encouraging prediction did Zechariah give?

School.—The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you.

Supt.—What effect had the prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah on the Jews?

School.—They prospered through the prophesying of Haggai the prophet and Zechariah the son of Iddo. And they finished the temple according to the commandments of the God of Israel.

Supt.—What was done when the house was finished?

School.—The children of Israel, the priests, and the Levites, and the rest of the children of the captivity, kept the dedication of this house of God with great joy.

Supt.—What feast did they observe?

School.—They kept the passover, the feast of unleavened bread, seven days with joy; for the Lord had made them joyful.

Supt.—What commission did Nehemiah receive from the king of Persia?

School.—The king sent him to Jerusalem with authority to rebuild the walls.

Supt.—Who attempted to prevent the building?

School.—The Samaritans and other neighboring people conspired together to come and fight against Jerusalem and hinder it.

Supt.—What did Nehemiah do when he heard of this?

School.—He set a watch, and armed the laborers.

Supt.—When was the work completed?

School.—The wall was finished in the twenty and fifth day of the month Elul, in fifty and two days.

Supt.—What did Ezra do at the request of the people?

School.—Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding.

Supt.—What did he and his assistants then do?

School.—They read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.

Supt.—What measures did Nehemiah take to prevent the profanation of the Sabbath?

School.—He caused the gates of the city to be closed on the evening before that Sabbath, and not opened until after the Sabbath, that there should be no buying and selling on the Sabbath day.

Supt.—What took place when Esther went in unto the king?

School.—It was so, when the king saw Esther standing in the court, that she obtained favor in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near, and touched the top of the sceptre.

Supt.—What is Solomon's admonition about wine-drinking and gluttonness?

School.—Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review.

LESSON I.—APRIL 2, 1893.

1. THE AFFLICTIONS OF JOB.—Job 2: 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job 1: 21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 1: 1-22.—Job's First Trial.
T. Job. 2: 1-10.—Job Smitten with Disease.
W. Ezk. 14: 14-23.—"Noah, Daniel and Job."
Th. Gen. 3: 1-19.—Satan and our First Parents.
F. Matt. 4: 1-11.—Satan and our Saviour.
S. James 5: 7-20.—The Patience of Job.
S. Luke 22: 1-6; 31-34.—Satan and Judas; Satan and Simon.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Satan's Sneer. vs. 1-5.
II. The Lord's Permission. vs. 6-8.
III. Job's Trust. vs. 9, 10.

TIME of Job between B. C. 2000 and B. C. 1800; the age of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

PLACE.—Where Job lived. The land of Uz, west of the Euphrates, in the region of Damascus, on the borders of the desert.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

Study Monday's Home Reading as introductory of this lesson. 1. *Satan came also*—not for any good purpose, but by the overruling power of God. 3. *Escheweth evil*—turneth away from it with abhorrence. *Movedst me*—1 Sam. 26: 19; compare 1 Chron. 21: 1 with 2 Sam. 24: 1. 4. *Skin for skin*—a proverbial expression. 5. *Put forth thine hand*—Satan had failed in his first attempt but it does not prevent him from making another. *Curse*—Revised Version, "renounce." 6. *He is in thine hand*—afflict him as thou wilt. *But save his life*—Revised Version, "only spare his life." 7. *Smote Job with sore boils*—supposed to be a malignant species of leprosy. 8. *Sat down among the ashes*—an emblem of the deepest mourning (Jonah 3: 6) and humility. 9. *Then said his wife*—Satan makes use of her to tempt him to despair and blasphemy. 10. *Thou speakest as one of the foolish women*—Job rebukes his wife, but it is in the spirit of meekness. *In all this did not Job sin with his lips*—Job did not murmur, repine or blaspheme.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Job? In what terms did the Lord commend him? Why was Satan permitted to afflict him? What was his first great trial? Job 1: 6-19. How did he stand his trial? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SATAN'S SNEER. vs. 1-5.—Who came to present themselves before the Lord? Who came among them? What did the Lord say to Satan? What did Satan answer? What testimony did the Lord give concerning Job? What was Satan's reply?

II. THE LORD'S PERMISSION. vs. 6-8.—What permission did the Lord give Satan? What did Satan then do? With what disease did he smite Job?

III. JOB'S TRUST. vs. 9, 10.—What did Job's wife say to him? What was his reply? How did this reply show his trust in God? What did Job say in chapter 13: 15?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Satan is still the accuser and persecutor of God's people.
2. When he fails to overcome by one temptation, he prepares a stronger.
3. When God puts any of his servants into Satan's hand, he keeps them in his own hand.
4. To look upon evil as coming from God will enable us to bear it patiently and submissively.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did the Lord say to Satan about Job, after the failure of Satan's first assault. Ans. Still he holdeth fast his integrity.
2. What did Satan reply? Ans. Put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face.
3. What did the Lord then say to Satan? Ans. Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life.
4. What did Satan then do? Ans. He smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.
5. What was Job's reply when his wife urged *him to curse God?* Ans. Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?

EASTER LESSON (OPTIONAL).

LESSON I.—APRIL 2, 1893.

2. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Matt. 28: 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 19: 31-42.—The Burial of Christ.
T. Matt. 27: 50-66.—The Guard at the Tomb.
W. Matt. 28: 1-20.—Christ Risen.
Th. Psalm 16: 1-11.—The Resurrection Foretold.
F. Acts 2: 22-36.—"Whom God hath Raised Up.
S. 1 Cor. 15: 1-27.—Christ the First-fruits.
S. 1 Cor. 15: 28-58.—Death Swallowed Up in Victory.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Women's Visit. vs. 1-4.
II. The Angel's Comfort. vs. 5-8.
III. The Lord's Appearance. vs. 9, 10.

TIME.—Early Sunday morning, April 9, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The tomb in the garden near Calvary, in the vicinity of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Christ was crucified on Friday and was buried the same evening. A guard of Roman soldiers was placed around his grave. On the morning of the first day of the week an angel announced his resurrection to certain women who came to the sepulchre. Study carefully the parallel words in the other gospels.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *In the end of the Sabbath*—after the Sabbath. *As it began to dawn*—at day-break. *Magdalene* of Magdala. See Mark 16: 9. *The other Mary*—the mother of James and Jesus. Matt. 27: 56, 57. 2. *There was*—before the coming of the women. Mary Magdalene, beholding the sepulchre open, and supposing the Jews had removed the body, ran to tell Peter and John. John. 20: 1, 2. The other women went to the sepulchre and saw the angel. 5. *Fear not ye*—let the soldiers fear, but not ye. *I know*—he came to help them, not to frighten them. 6. *As he said*—Matt. 12: 40; 16: 21; 17: 23; Luke 18: 33. *See the place*—to assure yourselves of what I have told you. 7. *He goeth before you into Galilee*—as had been foretold in Matt. 26: 32. 9. *They*—the women. Then followed the visit of Peter and John, and the return of Mary Magdalene, to whom Jesus first appeared. Mark 16: 9; John 20: 3-10. 9. *Met them*—his second appearance, mentioned by Matthew only. *Worshipped him*—not mere reverence, but religious worship, is meant. 10. *Tell my brethren*—Hebrews 2: 11.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was our Saviour buried? Who witnessed his burial? How was the sepulchre guarded? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE WOMEN'S VISIT. vs. 1-4.—Who came to the sepulchre? When? For what purpose? What had taken place? How did the angel appear? How did his appearance affect the keepers?

II. THE ANGEL'S COMFORT. vs. 5-8.—What comforting word did the angel speak to the women? What did he know about the object of their visit? What had become of the crucified Jesus? What were the women asked to see? To whom did the angel send them? With what message? What did the women do? What shows their eager obedience?

III. THE LORD'S APPEARANCE. vs. 9, 10.—Who met them? How did Jesus salute them? What did they do? What message did Jesus send to his disciple? By what name did he call them? What is said in Hebrews 2: 11?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We have a risen and a living Saviour.
2. We should live for him who died and rose again for us.
3. His resurrection is the pledge and pattern of his people's resurrection.
4. We should be glad to tell others of this living Saviour?

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. When did Jesus rise from the dead? Ans. Early in the morning on the first day of the week.
2. How was his resurrection first made known? Ans. An angel told the good news to some women who came to the sepulchre.
3. What did the angel tell the women to do? Ans. Go quickly, and tell his disciples.
4. What took place as the women went to tell his disciples? Ans. Jesus met them, saying, All hail.
5. What further did Jesus say to them? Ans. Be not afraid; go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

COMPENSATION.

She folded up the worn and mended frock
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:
"Can this be all? The outside world so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways!
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

"The fruits I cannot reach are red and sweet,
The paths forbidden are both green and wide;
O God! there is no boon to helpless feet
So altogether sweet as paths denied.
Home is most fair; bright all my household fires,
And children are a gift without alloy;
But who would bound the fields of their desires
By the prim hedges of mere fireside joy?

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail woof in my baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hand would knock."

Just then the children came, the father too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom:
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,
"How sweet it is within this little room,
"God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law!
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?

Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home to these dear ones and me,"
He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her hair:
"Our mother is so good, and kind, and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!"

The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle-side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.
The mother drew the baby to her knee
And, smiling, said, "The stars shine soft to night;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right."

INEXPENSIVE FURNISHING.

ALICE CHITTENDEN.

A young friend of mine, who has just gone to housekeeping, has furnished one of her rooms so daintily, and at the same time so inexpensively, that I am sure many will be pleased to have it described. It is a very large room, and is used both as sleeping and day sitting room. The walls, like those of most country houses, are of kalsomine, but these particular walls are tinted a faint robin's egg blue, which serves as an admirable background for the etchings and simple sketches with which they are hung. The floor is covered with matting with a cream ground, showing here and there irregular dashes of dull blue and dull red. A very good quality cost only ten dollars for a roll of forty yards, but even this left a bare spot under the bed which is painted with yellow paint of the same shade as the matting.

An iron bedstead cost six dollars. This is painted with white enamel paint, leaving the brass knobs untouched. The two capacious closets, one of which was furnished with drawers underneath the lower shelves, made a bureau unnecessary. A small pine table is placed between the two front windows for a dressing table. It is draped with cream batiste (a sort of cheese cloth) with a great tiger lily design in dull blue. This cost twelve cents a yard. Small brass screw eyes are screwed in around the edge of the table, a brass wire run through them, and the curtains shirred on, falling just to the floor. They are lined with blue cambric. An old white homespun linen sheet furnished two covers for the top. A design of tiger lily is worked in the corners with blue rope linen thread, and a fringe of the same knotted in the hem. This is made by taking several strands six inches long, doubling them, and with a crochet hook pulling them through the fabric and then through the loop. These covers wash nicely and can be changed every week. A canopy is formed by fastening a brass pole to the wall several feet above the table, and over this fall curtains of the batiste lined with the cambric. A pincushion covered with a finer quality of white linen worked with blue wash silk, a glove and handkerchief case also of white linen embroidered to match, a brush and comb box, toilet bottles, and other accessories of the toilet, are placed on top of the table. Above it is hung a mirror, whose shabby old frame, first padded with cotton, is covered with soft folds of blue China crepe with splashes of gilt. It is only an imitation of the real crepe and costs fifteen cents a yard.

The washstand is the cheapest kind of an old-fashioned affair, purchased second-hand, but after Mollie had scraped off the old varnish and given it two coats of white China gloss paint it was as dainty an article as any one could wish. Two large wooden rings of light wood tied with blue ribbons and suspended from a nail above and at the right of the stand serve as a towel rack. The china is white and blue. A tall screen made of a clothes horse, draped with full curtains of the same material as the dressing table, and lined with cambric, stands in front and makes quite a cosy little private dressing-room.

Curtains of white scrim are looped back from the windows with blue ribbons. The bed is draped with blue. The material is a sort of seersucker, which cost four cents a yard. It is the color of the light side of denim or blue jean, but much lighter as well as cheaper. Great conventionalized tiger lilies are worked at intervals over its surface, with heavy white linen thread. The name of this thread at the art stores is Bagarren floss. This spread is trimmed all around with a fall of heavy white antique lace about six inches wide, which cost fifteen cents a yard. It is as easy to wash as a sheet, and will remain clean a long time. It is basted on an old sheet to give it body, and, in working the pattern, the stitches are caught through enough to hold it in place.

The pillows are removed during the day, and a round bolster stuffed with excelsior and covered with the material like the spread is substituted. The divan is nothing more than a dollar cot covered with two comfortables folded and tacked into the shape of a mattress. A rug made of strips of silk and velvet sewed "hit or miss" as for rag carpet and woven in the same way is thrown over it. The pillows are covered with the blue seersucker and embroidered to match the bed spread. The whole effect is pleasing and artistic, and the general air one of comfort.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE WEEKLY CLEANING.

Why a house should require such frequent going over, so much and so regular administration upon in the way of sweeping and dusting, furbishing and polishing, is a never-ending puzzle to the masculine mind. To a man's eye the house is always clean unless it is aggressively dirty. Dust thick enough to form a coating on which one can write his name, muddy footprints on the piazza or the hall carpet, disorderly and dingy apartments evidently in need of the broom, offend his taste if he be in the least fastidious, and he comprehends that soap and water have their uses in emergencies. But the periodical, systematic, and radical cleansing on which good housekeepers insist every Friday or Saturday appears to the ordinary husband a work of supererogation. He passes it over as one of his wife's amiable and womanly weaknesses, pitying her that she wastes her time and strength, as it looks to him, in so unnecessary an effort.

The fact is, however, that if you would have a house clean and sweet and shining and inviting to eye and smell and touch, you must go over it often from attic to cellar. How great the labor of rendering it clean, and keeping it so, depends very largely on the locality of your home.

If your residence be on a public street in a thronged town, you will have to wage a never-ceasing fight against dust; against disease-germs borne on the wings of air-laden dust; against the grime and soot which permeate everything, rob furniture and hangings of their freshness and detract from the impression of beauty you would fain have your house make on your family and friends.

Dust sifts through crannies, drives through windows and doors, lodges in papa's coat and Johnnie's ulster. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and of cleanliness. Only by careful daily dusting and by weekly thoroughness can you rout the foe.

In the country life is, in this regard, easier; but the temptation here, in houses not warmed throughout, is to shut up a large part, and pay attention only to living rooms. Who does not know the vaultlike mustiness, the damp, as of the grave, in the closed and darkened refrigerator known as the parlor in many a country house. A habit of going over the whole house weekly would do away with the danger which comes of breathing stagnant air.

No; we cannot help what our good man friend may think. The women must clean house every week; and spring and fall, too!—*Harper's Bazar.*

MUTTON SUET A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

It is very vexing and annoying, indeed, to have one's lips break out with cold sores, but like the measles, it is far better to strike out than to strike in. A drop of warm mutton suet applied to the sores at night, just before retiring, will soon cause them to disappear. This is also a good remedy for parched lips and chapped hands. It should be applied at night in the liquid state, and be well rubbed and heated in before a brisk fire, which often causes a smarting sensation, but the roughest of hands by this treatment will often be restored to their natural condition by one application. If every one could but know the healing properties of so simple a thing as a little mutton suet, no housekeeper would ever be without it. Get a little from your butcher, fry it out yourself, run it into small cakes, and put away ready for use. For cuts and bruises it is almost indispensable, and where there are children there are always plenty of cuts and bruises. Many a deep gash that would have frightened most women into sending for a physician at once, I have healed with no other remedies than a little mutton suet and plenty of good castile soap. A wound should always be kept clean, and the bandages changed every day, or every other day. A drenching of warm suds from the purest soap that can be obtained is not only cleansing but healing; then cover the surface of the wound with a bit of old white muslin dipped into melted mutton suet. Renew the drenching and the suet every time the bandages are changed, and you will be astonished to see how rapidly the ugliest wound will heal.—*Herald of Health.*

HOME-MADE CONFECTIONS.

Home-made candy is a never-failing source of delight to the youngsters. As an amusement, it ranks above everything else in the domestic catalogue, while as an appetizing and toothsome incentive to good behavior it stands at the very head of the list. To be allowed to "make candy if they are good," is, as a rule, all that is necessary to restrain the most hilarious youngster.

Candy-making may be so arranged that it is fairly clean work, and some of the processes are useful in the way of training for domestic work. Neatness, order and the careful handling of ingredients can be as well enforced in the making of confectionery as in bread-making, and these facts should not be lost upon those who have the amusements of the young in charge; besides, it is quite a triumph to be able to send, in a gift-box, some home-made confections that will be voted quite as fine as the best French importations or the work of establishments with world-wide reputations.

To make a delicious candy, break the white of one egg into a large, flat dish. In one end of the dish put about one pound of the very best confectioner's sugar, carefully sifted. Beat the egg, taking up a little of the sugar at a time and beating steadily for about ten minutes. Before all the sugar is in, add a large teaspoonful of some preferred extract, vanilla, lemon or rose, the first being most generally liked. Beat or stir until the sugar is all in. When done, it should stand up in a firm lump and should settle but very little if left standing. Then dust a little fine sugar on a pastry-board, cut off with a sharp knife a part of the beaten sugar, lay it on the board and roll it under the hands until perfectly soft and smooth, then make into a roll about as large around as a twenty-five-cent silver piece, cut off little round cakes of this about half an inch thick, pat this between the hands until very smooth, then place the half of an English walnut on the prepared pat of sugar and press it a little to bring the two in close contact. Have ready buttered paper. On this, place the candies as fast as made. They may be set in the oven for a minute or on a shelf above the fire.

Sugar prepared in this way may be used to coat fruit or nut confections of various sorts. Blanched almonds are rolled in little cakes of it, care being taken to press and roll the sugar so that the nut is entirely covered. Various sorts of nuts chopped fine may be mixed in with the sugar or fruits, such as citron shredded, seeded raisins, cut up fine or candied, or preserved fruits of any sort, care being taken that they are not too juicy, as this would prevent hardening.

Fresh fruits may be put up in this way. If grapes are dipped in the beaten white of an egg and allowed to dry, then rolled in this same beaten sugar, they are delicious. Sometimes the confection is made quite soft, then placed in a hot oven for a moment and allowed to remain until thoroughly scalded through, care being taken that it is not browned. In this way it gets the elastic, firm quality so much liked in what are called French confections.

An evening or afternoon at candy-making once in a while is one of the most delightful pastimes for girls and boys, and they may eat to their heart's content, with little fear of unpleasant consequences.—*Ledger.*

NERVES OR TEMPER.

It is like living in a den of snarling animals to live with a person who has this sort of temper, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in an article on "The Destroyers of Domestic Edens," in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Many an Eden is destroyed by it, while the possessor prides himself upon being a good Christian, and doing his whole duty by his family. Yet, if the soup lacks a little salt, or contains a little too much pepper, if a meal is a moment delayed, if a child is noisy in its mirth, if a drawer sticks, or a door slams, or a chair creaks, each trifle calls forth an exhibition of disagreeable temper, which ruins the comfort and peace of the household for an hour. Many a woman is addicted to this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most devoted wife and mother in the world. Yet if she is obliged to delay her dinner for any member of the family, if she is called from one task to perform another, if the children scatter their playthings, or leave their school books in the parlor, she indulges in such petulant scolding that a gloom settles over the whole household. She would consider it no difficult thing to die for that household, if it were demanded of her. But to control her irritable temper is a task too great to demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed, and the children grow up eager to get out of the home where everything is uncomfortable, and the parents wonder why all their sacrifices are so poorly appreciated, why their children, for whom they have toiled and saved, seem to care so little about their home, and why they seem so anxious to seek pleasures elsewhere.

A HOUSE HAMMOCK.

An ornamented hammock swung in the corner of the room makes a pretty article of furniture and a most comfortable seat as well. In fact, wherever the space for it can be had, a hammock is never amiss in the house. It is much cooler and more restful in the summer than the lounge, and if the room is small it is always easy to unhook it and hang the two ends together against the wall when not in use. House hammocks are greatly improved by hanging flounces on the sides and placing piles of pillows in the hammock itself, to be used as needed. One of the most picturesque of house hammocks has a tiger skin thrown over it, the tiger's head forming the pillow.

COLORED ICINGS.—Pink and white, or "rosebud" cake, may be made by icing any white cake with boiled icing, to which a few drops of pink fruit coloring has been added. If this cannot be obtained, take a pinch of cochineal, add a few drops of boiling water, and when cool, strain, and stir a few drops into the icing. It makes a beautiful pink, and, although objectionable to some, I have used it with no bad effect. After icing with the pink, decorate in waves, dots, or circles, with white. Names or dates may be written in this way, and are very beautiful upon birthday cakes. If fruit coloring can be obtained, very handsome roses, with green leaves, may be designed by a skilful worker.

The Family Circle.

THE DONATION PARTY.

As the year came round, and affairs were talked,
It was very commonly said
That the parson's salary, scanty at best,
Had been but scantily paid.

So the people all, with the best intent
And feelings most kind and hearty,
Resolved to go to the minister's house
And give a "donation party."

So they made some biscuits and baked some bread
And rolled out some ginger-snaps,
Some sausages fried and some sandwiches spread.
And then, putting on their wraps,

In a body together, with cheerful steps,
To the parsonage house they went,
Bearing their baskets and bundles and rolls,
On their errand of charity bent.

And while they were at the parson's house
They scattered the floor with crumbs,
And smirched the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes up high and thick
With a lot of unhealthful cake,
And they ate up themselves the nice toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung on his tasteful mantel clock
Their apple-parings for sport,
And everyone laughed when a bungling lout
Spilled tea on the pianoforte.

His papers they rummaged, his spectacles broke,
And on his good wife's best sofa
A lamp was upset, and the kerosene spilt,
By a stupid and blundering loafer.

When they left the dishes were all unwashed
And the floors were in pitiful plight;
And the glasses were cracked and the plates were broke
Before they had bidden good-night.

They flattered themselves they were helping the Lord
By helping the parson to live;
But in fact they were having a jolly good time,
And of all they brought with them to give

Each gobbled whatever he thought was best,
Of decency, even, bereft,
Till of all that they brought to the parsonage house
But little or nothing was left!

* * * * * * *

Next day the parson went down on his knees,
With his wife—but not to pray—
O no! 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

And at night as he bowed at the throne of grace,
With petitions sincere and hearty,
When for blessings he asked he did not pray
For another donation party.

WINNIE'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY FLORENCE D. HALLOWELL.

There had been a special meeting at Miss Millet's of the girls in that lady's class who were to sing in the choir on Easter Sunday, and Winnie Reese's face wore a very serious look as she left the house when the meeting was over.

Some parting words uttered by Miss Millet had made a deep impression on Winnie's mind. The teacher had said that she hoped none of her girls would think of their personal adornment on Easter Sunday, but try to bring pure hearts to church, hearts swept clean of every selfish desire or unworthy passion, and filled with only kind and loving thoughts of every one; that some act of self-sacrifice would be an Easter offering of far more value than money, for it would give evidence that Christ had risen in the heart and life of the one who made it.

Winnie wondered if the earnest words had not been intended especially for her, for of course she had been obliged to tell Miss Millet of the accident to the lilies she had hoped to present to the church at Easter. Naturally she had not told the whole story; had said nothing of having flown into a passion with Fred, or of the fact that she had not spoken to him since. If Miss Millet knew it she must have learned it in some roundabout way.

Well, no one could gainsay that it was very careless of Fred to leave the gate open so that the cow got into the garden; and still more careless to try to chase her out without first putting the three pets of lilies—which were taking the air—in a safe place. Of course the lilies were trampled under foot, and in the circumstances no one—so Winnie told herself—could have helped getting angry.

"Even Miss Millet would not have overlooked a thing like that,' she reflected, as she walked slowly along the quiet street, her mind full of her teacher's last words, "and I simply can't forgive Fred for it. I can't sweep my heart clean of everything—no one ought to expect it! And as to making my sacrifice—there isn't any to make."

She went upstairs very quickly when she reached home, and was going to sit down in her own room to think matters over; but her mother called to her to put the dining-room in order and set the table for supper, and she had to defer the soul-communion for the present.

Fred came in a few moments before supper time and sat down by one of the windows, looking out into the dark quiet street.

Winnie did not speak to him, but she looked at him furtively now and then. It had not escaped her notice that her brother had appeared very much troubled during the last three or four days; that he never went whistling about the house now, nor romped with the baby.

Was he worrying over that quarrel about the cow and the lilies? Winnie decided that that was barely possible. Indeed, it was his apparent indifference to her grief and rage over her loss that had exasperated her into resolving not to speak to him again until he made an apology. He had not seemed to care at all when she told him she would never forgive him—he had only laughed and walked away.

Why should she care that he seemed troubled and that his face wore a look of anxiety? It was nothing to her; he deserved to be worried, and she ought to be glad of it.

"You seem to have lost your appetite lately, Fred," Mrs. Reese said at supper. "You eat scarcely enough to keep you alive."

"I have a headache," answered Fred, his eyes on his plate.

"Perhaps you tired yourself when you went hunting last Saturday," said Mrs. Reese.

Winnie, who was looking at her brother, saw him start and turn pale. His voice was not quite steady as he answered that he had walked only about six miles.

Mr. Reese took no part in the conversation. He was a stern, reserved man, who ruled his children with a rod of iron. He had no charity for their weaknesses, no sympathy for their mistakes, and their anxious, delicate mother had to shield them very often from the paternal wrath.

When the dishes had been washed and set away, and the three younger children put to bed, Winnie felt that she was free; and throwing an old shawl about her shoulders, she went into the parlor and sat down on one of the broad window seats, where she could think, without being interrupted, of that afternoon's meeting at Miss Millet's.

There was neither light nor fire in the parlor, but the April weather was mild, and wrapped in the old shawl, with the heavy curtains falling around her, Winnie did not feel uncomfortable.

"If Fred would only apologize, perhaps I could make up my mind to forgive him," she was thinking, when the sudden opening of the parlor door made her start, and before she had time to think what she ought to do, she heard the voice of Fred's particular friend, Warren Crawley.

"I thought I'd come in, Fred, and see if you'd got the money yet."

"No, I haven't," answered Fred, "and what's worse I don't see any chance of getting it. It isn't so easy to raise thirty dollars as you seem to think."

"I know it isn't easy. Didn't I have to sell my bicycle? I tell you that hurt. And Ted Riley had to sell the ring his aunt in California sent him. It must have cost sixty dollars, at least. I tell you, Fred, you've just got to get the money; there's no two ways about it. We can't have old Peacham arresting us. And he declares he'll arrest every one of us unless the whole of the one hundred and fifty is raised. And we've got it all now except your thirty."

"All I have is a dollar and sixty cents," said Fred in a voice of despair.

"Then, you'll have to try your father, I suppose."

"I can't tell, Warren. I'd rather run away than do that. You don't know him! He'd never forgive me as long as I lived, no matter how sorry I might be. And it would be of no use to tell mother—she never has a cent ahead. It would worry her for nothing."

"You must get it some way. We must pay Peacham to-morrow night. He won't give us an hour's grace. How I wish we'd never touched his old horse! Duke Henderson had to eat humble pie to that grandmother of his over in Flagtown. She almost preached him to death, but she gave him the money, and promised not to tell. And Phil Mason has got to take the money he's been saving to buy a pony. He says he has had all the horse he wants for the next ten years."

"I don't know what I'm going to do, Warren. I have no one to help me at all," sighed Fred.

Winnie had listened with a wildly-beating heart, feeling conscience-stricken that she was forced to hear what was not intended for her ears, and yet not daring to make her presence known. It seemed to her as if the boys would never go out. But at length the secret conference was ended, and she was alone again—alone to think over this dreadful discovery she had made.

It was easy enough for her to put into shape what had happened. Fred and four companions, when returning home the previous Saturday from hunting, had seen Farmer Peacham's big, black horse standing by the pasture fence, and one of the boys had proposed having races. Duke Henderson had manufactured a bit and bridle from a stick and a piece of rope, and they had taken turns at racing a certain distance, until, becoming frightened at the sudden report of one of the guns, which had gone off by accident, the horse had run away, and, after throwing his rider, had plunged over the side of a little bridge and broken his neck in the gully below. The report of the gun had brought Farmer Peacham from his house in time to find all five of the boys in the gully, looking with horrified, dismayed faces at the result of their "lark;" and the old man had declared that he would have every one of them arrested and fined—or imprisoned—unless he was paid the value of the horse by the following Saturday.

That little speech Fred had made: "I have no one to help me at all," had gone to Winnie's heart. She forgot her anger against her brother, forgot the incident of the loss of her lilies, and thought only of the dreadful trouble that had come upon him.

He had been very wrong to ride the horse, of course; but she knew his fun-loving nature and his heedlessness. He had acted thoughtlessly, little dreaming how dearly it would cost him.

'He mustn't be arrested; I must do something to help him," Winnie thought.

But what could she do? She had only twelve dollars in the world, and she expected to pay six of that for a hat to wear to church on Easter Sunday. Her old hat had been worn all the fall and winter—she really needed a new one for spring. The one she had ordered would be just what she wanted to go with her new suit. She could countermand the order the next morning, of course; but twelve dollars would not help Fred out of his trouble. He must have thirty.

She began at last to feel cold in the fireless parlor, and went up-stairs to her own room.

"If I only knew what to do to get that other eighteen dollars," she thought, as she stood before the bureau and let down her hair to brush and braid it for the night.

Suddenly her face lighted up. She ran her fingers through the thick golden fleece, and stood staring at herself in the glass. Three months before she had gone to the hair-dresser's to have her bangs trimmed, and the man had said:

"Any time you want to sell that hair you can find a market for it right here. It is very hard to get hair just that shade, and I'd be willing to give a good price for yours."

Winnie had laughed at the time, thinking that nothing would ever induce her to part with her hair; but now—

"I wonder how I'd look with my head shingled?" she said. "It would be a great sacrifice—a dreadful sacrifice."

But before she fell asleep she had decided that it was a sacrifice that must be made.

Fred did not appear at breakfast at all. Mrs. Reese said in answer to Winnie's inquiry that he had gone down town to attend to some business for his father.

It was twelve o'clock when Winnie, who was watching for him, saw him coming. How pale and wan he looked! He walked slowly, as if tired out, and went up stairs without stopping in the sitting-room as usual to speak to his mother.

He went into his own room at the end of the hall, anxious to be alone for a little, while with his trouble; but as he entered his attention was attracted to a large white envelope stuck into one side of the mirror of his bureau. On it, in big letters, were the words

"Easter offering from Winnie to Fred."

* * * * * *

Winnie was trying to furbish up her old hat with a new ribbon, when she heard a knock at the door and Fred came in. He went straight across the room to her and put his arms about her neck.

"Winnie! oh, Winnie!" he said. "How did you know? how could you tell?—I don't know how to thank you for—" and then he stopped, for a big lump in his throat wouldn't let him say any more.

"You see, you had me to help you, Fred," Winnie whispered, her eyes full of tears.

"But—how—how—"

"Look!" and Winnie tried to laugh as she put one of his hands on her shorn head. "I had it cut—it was so heavy—and—and perhaps I won't have the headache so often now. Any how it was worth too much to keep, Fred—Fred!"

But Fred had rushed out, shutting the door behind him with a bang.

Winnie waited a moment, then followed him. Softly she opened the door of his room and looked in. Fred sat by the table with his head bowed upon his outstretched arms, and he did not move or speak as she approached him. She kissed him tenderly and went out again without saying anything.

In spite of her old hat and shorn head Winnie was very happy the next morning when she took her seat in the choir. She never sang better in her life, and again her eyes turned to the pew where her brother sat, and a great joy flooded her heart at the thought of the perfect love and understanding which had been gained by that Easter offering.

TO DESTROY BAD ODORS.

In Dr. Kellogg's "Monitor of Health," is found the following excellent directions for destroying foul odors:

"Abundance of fresh air is the best deodorizer. There is no substitute for ventilation. Pure air washes away foul smells as water washes away dirt. One removes material filth and the other gaseous filth. If the offensive body is movable, be sure to remove it. If not, apply something to destroy it. Several agents will effect this. If it can be safely done, set fire to the foul mass; or, if this is undesirable, heat it almost to the burning point. Apply very dry, finely pulverized earth. Clay is the best material. Finely powdered charcoal, which has been freshly burned, is quite as good as earth. Dry coal or wood ashes are most excellent for disinfecting purposes. Make a solution of per-manganate of potash, dissolving an ounce in a gallon of water. Add this to the offensive solid or fluid until it is colored like the solution. This is an excellent deodorizer. It is needed in every household. It should be kept constantly on hand ready for use. Copperas dissolved in water in proportion of two pounds to the gallon, is cheaper and may be used when large quantities are needed. Apply it freely."—*Standard.*

DR. ANDREW BONAR.

The year 1892, which saw the decease of Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Cairns, Dr. Donald Fraser, Dr. Allon, and other leaders in the religious world, has registered in its expiring hours the departure of one almost as widely known, certainly as deeply loved, as any of those we have mentioned. At half-past ten on Friday evening, says a writer in the *Christian*, there passed away to his heavenly rest the venerable and venerated Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, who for nearly forty years has been pastor of the Finnieston Free Church, Glasgow. Though the Great Reaper has found in him a sheaf of corn fully ripe, Dr. Bonar's decease will be universally mourned, and will be regarded by multitudes in both hemispheres in the light of personal loss. He was one of the truest and choicest spirits that modern times have known, and we cannot but feel that our world is much the poorer now that he has been removed to another sphere. Dr. Bonar was at the weekly prayer meeting in connection with his congregation on Wednesday night, and at that time he was in his usual health and spirits; but on Thursday morning he took a chill, from the effects of which he never recovered, and he fell peacefully asleep on Friday night, the members of his family surrounding his bed.

Dr. Bonar was born in Edinburgh on May 29, 1810, and received his early education at the High School, out of which he passed as gold medallist and dux. Similar honors rewarded his diligence and perseverance in the Edinburgh University. After passing through the Theological Hall he was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1835. A couple of years were passed in missionary work in Jedburgh, and in connection with Dr. Candlish's parish in Edinburgh; and in 1837 he was ordained to the ministry in the collegiate charge in Collace Parish, where he labored for twenty years. As an evangelical minister, Mr. Bonar soon began to make his mark. Loving his work, and entering into it with all the vigor and earnestness of his soul, he obtained a firm hold on the affections of his people, by whom he was much beloved.

In 1839 he, along with Dr. Black, of Aberdeen, Dr. Keith, and Mr. Murray M'Cheyne, were appointed by the Church of Scotland to proceed to Palestine and inquire into the condition of the Jews. As a result of this undertaking a mission to the Jews was established, and, as carried out by the Free Church, has proved not only one of the most active, but also one of the most interesting of the present day. During that tour through the Holy Land Dr. Bonar accidently dropped his Bible into Jacob's Well. He looked upon the volume as irrecoverably lost, but, to his surprise and gratification, it was brought up from the bottom of the well some years ago by a Samaritan, and sent home to the owner. It was to him a precious relic, and though prizing it highly, he consented to its being deposited in John Knox's house in Edinburgh, where it now lies.

As may easily be imagined, Dr. Bonar took the side of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland during the long conflict which ended in the Disruption in May, 1843. He was one of those who came out, and carried the great bulk of his congregation with him. For thirteen more years he continued to labor in Collace, when in 1856 he was called and inducted to the pastorate of the Finnieston Free Church, Glasgow. This was a sphere where his dauntless energy could find full scope. His church was soon a centre of earnest Christian work, and he gathered round him a band of workers who devotedly assisted their pastor in his endeavors to raise the social and moral condition of the people in the district. In this sphere he labored during the remainder of his life, keeping together a congregation numbering over 900 members.

Sixteen months ago he was assisted in his work by the Rev. D. M. M'Intyre, who was appointed colleague and successor. As an illustration of the good health which has attended him during his long and useful ministerial life, he was only absent twice from his pulpit through illness. When the General Assembly of the Free Church met in Glasgow in 1878 he was elected moderator, and through that trying session he performed the delicate duties of the chair with consummate ability. In 1887 he celebrated his jubilee as minister, and on that occasion he was presented with a cheque for £4000 and many addresses of congratulation.

During his long life Dr. Bonar was associated with many of the most eminent men of the Church, such as the Rev. Murray M'Cheyne, Rev. William Burns, of China, and Dr. A. N. Somerville, all of whom have predeceased him. An outcome of his love and esteem for Mr. M'Cheyne is to be found in the memoir of that sainted minister, a publication which has obtained a world-wide reputation, and has been the means of blessing multitudes all over the world. As a writer on Evangelical subjects Dr. Bonar occupied a high position, and his works on "Leviticus" and "The Psalms," have proved very helpful to many students of the Old Testament. In his relation with his ministerial brethren he was most happy —always ready and willing to help them in every possible way. He was a man of wide Christian sympathy, and was one of the most catholic ministers in Scotland. To do good was the main object of his life, and every project having that end in view had his cordial support. He was ever ready to assist in good work, and he never allowed his denominational position to interfere with it. All Evangelical efforts had

DR. ANDREW BONAR.

far between, and their very rarity made them all the more remarkable. They never had the effect of alienating from him the love of any brother, because it was felt that his utterances were those of strong and earnest conviction, and that they lessened not his affection for the man against whose opinions he felt himself compelled to speak. In his death the Glasgow Presbytery loses one of the last of its Disruption heroes, a band which is now becoming very small indeed.

Dr. Bonar was the youngest of seven sons, two of his brothers being eminent ministers of the Free Church. His eldest brother, Dr. John Bonar, of Greenock, died about eighteen months ago, and Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, the well-known hymn-writer died about five years ago. Dr. Bonar leaves five of a family—his only son, Dr. James Bonar, of London, and four daughters, three of them unmarried, the eldest being the wife of Mr. Wm. M. Oatts, of the Christian Institute, Glasgow.

in him a ready helper, and hence, when Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Scotland in 1874, Dr. Bonar was among the first to welcome them, and he retained to the last a warm affection for these American friends.

Though active in pastoral work, Dr. Bonar never took any leading part in what may be called the more business part of the Church's work. He seldom attended the meetings of the Presbytery, but whenever he made his appearance he always received a hearty greeting, and there seemed to be a rivalry among his brethren as to who would first extend to him kindly greeting, and give him a hearty shake of the hand. The blamelessness of his life and the saintliness of his character gave him an influence among his brethren which nothing else could. His counsel and advice were always ready, and his voice was ever on the side of charity and good will. For him to say a hard thing of any brother was most painful, and it was ever done with that tenderness and love which made it evident that the task he had set himself was one from which he would gladly have escaped. These occasions were few and upon us one calm evening, "between the dark and the daylight," the large fleecy flakes lingering and intermingling in their mazy pathways until, as if by some sudden impulse, each swiftly sought a resting place upon the bosom of mother earth.

In the morning all youthful hearts were glad. The eager children, each brimming over with cheerfulness and enthusiasm, were at school in good time. Morning exercises and tasks, seemed to have no effect in reducing their enthusiasm. When these were completed, and the school dismissed, dinners were "bolted" and soon all were outside.

"Oh, jolly, boys, it packs!" shouted John.

"Let's have a battle," cried Ernest.

"All right, here goes," and mischievous Harry delivered the first shot with such precision that Ernest's hat was knocked off. Then began a "Random Engagement," each boy making a mark of each other boy. This lasted long, and when the bell summoned the boys to their tasks once more, the school porch bore many a mark of "the conflict." Good nature seemed to rule that day, and girls and boys took their places, with faces all aglow, and eyes sparkling with good-natured mischief.

"Girls and boys, attention"—a pause—a look of anxious inquiry overspreading each face.

"I want to say a few words about snow-balling." Each face takes a soberer look.

"I like snow-balling, and I see by your faces you do too." The sober faces, wreathe themselves in happy smiles, each jewelled with a pair of twinkling eyes.

"You have enjoyed yourselves to-day, and I am glad to see your cheerful, glowing faces. To-day's engagement was the first of the season; and I shall now tell you what will be expected of you in any future snow-battles you may have.

"When I was a boy one thing I always liked to see was fair play, and I like it just as much yet. So I want to give you fair play, and shall, of course, expect the same from you all. I am going to give you a few easy rules to guide you hereafter.

"The first is: Snow-balls must not be thrown at or towards any part of the school building. When playing snow-ball, girls or boys must not tempt their playmates to break this rule, by taking refuge in the school porch or school-room.

"Is the first a fair and easy rule?"

"Yes, sir," comes from a chorus of voices.

"The second is: Play honorably or play not at all. There is a person that I think all girls and boys despise; his name is Meanness. Any one who will put a piece of ice, or a stone, or any hard substance in a snow-ball, and throw it at another, is mean and cowardly, and deserves to be shunned by honorable boys."—nods of approval—"Do you agree with my idea of such a boy?"

"Yes, he's a coward," say all.

"He would never make a general," says thoughtful James.

"The third is: Do not snow-ball any one who does not wish to play."

"That would be mean," said Harry.

"Now these are my three rules. What do you think of them?"

"They are fair," was the immediate response.

"We thought you were going to make us stop playing snow-ball at first. We would be mean if we broke the rules," said Ernest.

"To-morrow, perhaps, I may show you that I have not yet forgotten how to snow-ball."—A clapping of hands.

"Thank you, girls and boys, for your cheerful attention. Now let each apply himself as earnestly to his task as he did to the snow-balling, and our work inside will be as enjoyable as our play outside."

"Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth classes will find their work on the side black-board. First class, Reading, ready, rise, forward."—A quiet hum of busy earnestness.—*Educational Journal.*

SNOW-BALLING.

Have you had your first snow storm? We have. Its approach, announced by a flurrying messenger or two, it descended

PUT HEART INTO IT.

Of all persons Sunday-school teachers should be the pronounced friends of temperance. Some handle the subject mincingly. We cannot put too much heart into it. Teach sound temperance doctrine. Whenever you get a chance, warn your scholars against the perils of the dram shop. As some one has said: "Almost the last words of a murderer who was executed by electricity in Auburn State Prison were, 'Oh, if I had not drunk that whiskey!' Teach your boys the danger of touching intoxicating liquors. Of course, they think there is no danger for them; but so that convicted murderer once thought. You can control the beginning, but you cannot control the end."

IN SMALL DOSES.

Did you ever notice how quite young children like to hear stories told over and over? When you read or tell a nice story to little Susie, aged four, she says, "Tell it again;" and when you have retold it she still says, "Tell it again." We have known little people to ask for a repetition three or four times. Primary teachers will do well to note this characteristic of young minds. They are not asked, as older children may be, and they take in truth in small doses by continual repetition.—*Sunday-school World.*

"NOW I LAY ME."

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XIII.—*(Continued.)*

At this exciting juncture there was a clatter of small feet; the door burst open, and the "unfortunate waifs" under consideration raced across the floor to the table where Miss Vilda and Samantha were seated. Gay's sun-bonnet trailed behind her, every hair on her head curled separately, and she held her rag-doll upside down with entire absence of decorum. Timothy's paleness, whatever the cause, had disappeared for the moment, and his eyes shone like stars.

"Oh, Miss Vilda!" he cried breathlessly; "dear Miss Vilda and Samanthy, the gray hen did want to have chickens, and that is what made her so cross, and she is setting, and we 've found her nest in the alder bushes by the pond!"

("G'ay hen's net in er buttes by er pond," sung Gay, like a Greek chorus.)

"And we sat down softly beside the pond, but Gay sat into it."

("Gay sat wite into it, an' dolly dot her dess wet, but Gay nite ittle dirl; Gay didn't det wet!")

"And by and by the gray hen got off to get a drink of water i' —

("To det a dink o' water"—)

"And we counted the eggs, and there were thirteen big ones!"

("Fir-teen drate bid ones!")

"So that the darling thing had to s-w-ell out to cover them up!"

("Darlin' fin ser-welled out an tuvvered 'em up!") said Gay, going through the same operation.

"Yes," said Miss Vilda, looking covertly at Mr. Southwick (who had an eye for beauty, notwithstanding Samantha's strictures), "that 's very nice, but you must n't stay here now; we are talkin' to the minister. Run away, both of you, and let the settin' hen alone. — Well, as I was goin' to say, Mr. Southwick, you're very kind and so 's your wife, and I'm sure Timothy, that's the boy's name, would be a great help and comfort to both of you, if you're fond of children, and we should be glad to have him near by, for we feel kind of responsible for him, though he's no relation of ours. And we'll think about the matter over night, and let you know in the morning."

"Yes, exactly, I see, I see; but it was the young child, the — a — female child, that my wife desired to take into her family. She does not care for boys, and she is particularly fond of girls, and so am I, very fond of girls — a — in reason."

Miss Vilda all at once made up her mind on one point, and only wished that Samantha wouldn't stare at her as if she had never seen her before. "I'm sorry to disappoint your wife, Mr. Southwick. It seems that Mrs. Tarbox and Jabe Slocum have been offerin' the child to every family in the village, and I s'pose bime bye they'll have the politeness to offer her to me; but, at any rate, whether they do or not, I propose to keep her myself, and I'd thank you to tell folks so, if they ask you. Mebbe you'd better give it out from the pulpit, though I can let Mis' Tarbox know, and that will answer the same purpose. This is the place the baby was brought, and this is the place she's goin' to stay."

"Vildy, you're a good woman!" cried Samantha, when the door closed on the Reverend Mr. Southwick. "I'm proud o' you, Vildy, 'n' I take back all the hard thoughts I've ben hevin' about you lately. The idee o' that shiny-eyed preacher thinkin' he was goin' to carry that child home in his buggy with hardly so much as sayin' 'Thank you, marm.!' I like his Baptist imperdence! His wife hed better wash his duster afore she adopts any children. If they'd carry their theories 'bout immersion 's fur as their close, 't wouldn't be no harm."

"I don' know as I'd have agreed to keep either of 'em ef the whole village hadn't interfered and wanted to manage my business for me, and be so dretful charitable all of a sudden, and dictate to me and try to show me my duty. I haven't had a minute's peace for more 'n a fortnight, and now I hope they'll let me alone. I'll take the boy to the city to-morrow, if I live to see the light, and when I come back I'll tie up the gate and keep the neighbors out till this nine days' wonder gets crowded out o' their heads by something new."

"You're goin' to take Timothy to the city, are you?" asked Samantha sharply.

"That's what I'm goin to do; and the sooner the better for everybody concerned. Timothy, shut that door and run out to the barn, and don't you let me see you again till supper-time; do you hear me?"

"And you're goin' to put him in one o' them Homes?"

"Yes, I am. You see for yourself we can't find any place fer him hereabouts."

"Well, I've ben waitin' for days to see what you was goin' to do, and now I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do, if you'd like to know. I'm goin' to keep Timothy myself; to have and to hold from this time forth and for evermore, as the Bible says. That's what I'm goin' to do!"

Miss Cummins gasped with astonishment.

"I mean what I say, Vildy. I ain't so well off as some, but I ain't a pauper, not by no means. I've ben layin by a little every year for twenty years, 'n' you know well enough what for; but that's all over for ever and ever, amen, thanks be! And I ain't got chick nor child, nor blood relation in the world, and if I choose to take somebody to do for, why, it's nobody's affairs but my own."

"You can't do it, and you shan't do it!" said Miss Vilda excitedly. "You aint goin' to make a *fool* of yourself, if I can help it. We can't have two children clutterin' up this place and eatin' us out of house and home, and that's the end of it."

"It ain't the end of it, Vildy Cummins, not by no manner o' means! If we can't keep both of 'em, do you know what I think 'bout it? I think we'd ought to give away the one that everybody wants and keep the other that nobody does want, more fools they! That's religion, accordin' to my way o' thinkin'. I love the baby, dear knows; but see here. Who planned this thing all out? Timothy. Who took that baby up in his own arms and fetched her out o' that den o' thieves? Timothy. Who stood all the resk of gittin' that innocent lamb out o' that sink of iniquity, and hed wit enough to bring her to a place where she could grow up respectable? Timothy. And do you ketch him sayin' a word 'bout himself from fust to last? Not by no manner o' means. That ain't Timothy. And what does the lovin', gen'rous, faithful little soul git? He gits his labor for his pains. He hears folks say right to his face that nobody wants him and everybody wants Gay. And if he didn't have a disposition like a cherubim-an-seraphim he'd be sour and bitter, 'stid o' bein' good as an angel in a picture-book from sun-up to sun-down!"

Miss Vilda was crushed by the overpowering weight of this argument, and did not even try to stem the resistless tide of Samantha's eloquence.

"And now folks is all of a high to take in the baby for a spell, jest for a plaything, because her hair curls, 'n' she's han'some, 'n' light complected, 'n' cunning, 'n' a girl (whatever that amounts to is more 'n I know!), and that blessed boy is tread under foot as if he warn't no better 'n an angleworm! And do you mean to tell me you don't see the Lord's hand in this hull bus'ness, Vildy Cummins? There's other kinds o' meracles besides buddin' rods 'n' burnin' bushes 'n' loaves 'n' fishes. What do you s'pose guided that boy to pass all the other houses in this village 'n' turn in at the White Farm? Don't you s'pose he was led? Well, I don't need a Bible nor yet a concordance to tell me he was. He didn't know there was plenty 'n' to spare inside this gate; a great, empty house 'n' full cellar, 'n' hay 'n' stock in the barn, and cowpons in the back, 'n' two lone, mis'able women inside, with nothin' to do but keep flies out in summer-time, 'n' pile wood on in winter-time, till they got so withered up 'n' gnarly they warn't hardly wuth gatherin' int' the everlastin' harvest! He didn't know it, I say, but the Lord did; 'n' the Lord's intention was to give us a chance to make our callin' 'n' election sure, 'n' we can't do that by turnin' our backs on his messenger, and puttin' of him ou'doors! The Lord intended them children should stay together or he wouldn't 'a' started 'em out that way; now that's as plain as the nose on my face, 'n' that's consid'able plain as I've ben told afore now, 'n' can see for myself in the glass without any help from anybody, thanks be!"

"Everybody'll laugh at us for a couple o' soft-hearted fools," said Miss Vilda feebly, after a long pause. "We'll be a spectacle for the whole village."

"What if we be? Let's be a spectacle, then!" said Samantha stoutly. "We'll be a spectacle for the angels as well as the village, when you come to that! When they look down 'n' see us gittin' outside this door-yard 'n' doin' one o' the Lord's chores for the first time in ten or fifteen years, I guess they'll be consid'able excited! But there's no use in talkin', I've made up my mind, Vildy. We've lived together for thirty years 'n' ain't hardly hed an ugly word ('n' dretful dull it hez ben for both of us!), 'n' I shan't live nowheres else without you tell me to go; but I've got lots o' good work in me yit, 'n' I'm goin' to take that boy up 'n' give him a chance, 'n' let him stay alongside o' the thing he loves best in the world. And if there ain't room for all of us in the fourteen rooms o' this part o' the house, Timothy 'n' I can live in the L, as you've allers intended I should if I got married. And I guess this is 'bout as near to gittin' married as either of us ever 'll git now, 'n' consid'able nearer 'n' I've expected to git, lately. And I'll tell Timothy this very night, when he goes to bed, for he's grievin' himself into a fit o' sickness, as anybody can tell that's got a glass eye in their heads!"

(To be Continued.)

UNEXPECTED.

A member of the Salvation Army in India writes to an Ontario paper. I have just had a bit of new experience in this Indian war which I must tell you. A few mornings ago I was wiping a glass with a tea towel, which I had taken from a nail where it is always kept. Just as I was finishing the glass I felt something prick my thumb and at the moment I shook my hand thinking an ant had bitten it, but the next moment I saw the cause and knew it was a scorpion. I called my husband who was in an adjoining room, telling him what had happened. He at once tied a string tightly around my wrist and went to the doctor for medicine. Although he was only gone a few minutes, by the time he returned my hand was so sore and swollen that I could scarcely bear to have it touched, and in a short time the pain was almost unbearable, and it continued so for about five hours when it eased a little, and by ten p. m. was easy enough to allow of my going to bed and I slept pretty well. In the meantime Amiet, my native help, killed the scorpion, which was in the folds of the towel. I cannot describe the pain; it was not like anything I ever felt before; it went up my arm and at times made me feel sick all over; I could neither stand, sit, nor lie still for the time and it was quite long enough I assure you. On the second day afterwards, however, all traces of the injury both in feeling and appearance had vanished. It was a young scorpion, about half grown. Had it been an old one the injury would likely have been worse and if it had been a black one, death would almost certainly have been the result. Amiet began to cry as soon as she found I was stung and would have cried a good deal more if we had not kept saying things to make her laugh. She says she never saw people like us, for when we have pain then we laugh. I tell her she is a real helper, for she does my crying for me.

TO MAKE A MISSIONARY MAP.

Missionary committees that cannot afford to buy missionary maps may make their own very cheaply, by following these directions, given by a writer in the *Iowa Endeavorer*: "I went to the dry-goods store and bought three yards of nine-quarter unbleached muslin; to a drug store and bought a quarter of a pound of white glue, a four-inch varnish brush, and a one-pound tin of each of the following colors: black, Turkey umber, raw sienna and ultramarine blue—all ground in oil. Spread newspapers on the carpet and stretch the muslin over them. Make a thin sizing of the glue, adding a gallon of water to the four pounds, and thoroughly paint the muslin with the broad brush. Take up the muslin, remove the papers, and tack the cloth down again. Let it dry (four hours will do it), then take the map which you wish to transfer, and divide it up into squares, and sketch the outline with a piece of charcoal. Use blue for the coast line and the rivers and lakes; raw sienna for the mountains; burnt umber for the division lines, for the lettering of States and districts; black for the double-lined border and for the lettering of towns. In this way you can make a map you could not duplicate at a store for less than five dollars, and the color will make a dozen maps. It can be folded up in a small compass; does not crack or set off. Use a small, short bristle brush, and thin the color with turpentine."

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XIV.

A Point of Honor.

TIMOTHY JESSUP RUNS AWAY A SECOND TIME, AND, LIKE OTHER BLESSINGS, BRIGHTENS AS HE TAKES HIS FLIGHT.

It was almost dusk, and Jabe Slocum was struggling with the nightly problem of getting the cow from the pasture without any expenditure of personal effort. Timothy was nowhere to be found, or he would go and be glad to do the trifling service for his kind friend without other remuneration than a cordial "Thank you." Failing Timothy there was always Billy Pennell, who would not go for a "Thank you," being a boy of a sordid and miserly manner of thought, but who would go for a cent and chalk the cent up, which made it a more reasonable charge than would appear to the casual observer. So Jabe lighted his corn-cob pipe, and extended himself under a willow-tree beside the pond, singing in a cheerful fashion, —

"'Tremblin' sinner, calm your fears!
Jesus is always ready.
Cease your sin and dry your tears,
Jesus is always ready!'"

"And dretful lucky for you he is!" muttered Samantha, who had come to look for Timothy. "Jabe! Jabe! Has Timothy gone for the cow?"

"Dunno. Jest what I was goin' to ask you when I got roun' to it."

"Well, how are you goin' to find out?"

"Find out by seein' the cow if he hez gone, an' by not seein' no cow if he hain't. I'm comf'table either way it turns out. One o' them writin' fellers that was up here summerin' said, 'They also serve who'd ruther stan' 'n' wait' 'd be a good motto for me, 'n' he's about right when I've ben hayin'. Look down there at the shiners, ain't they cool? Gorry! I wish I was a fish!"

"If you was you wouldn't wear your fins out, that's certain!"

"Come now, Samanthy, don't be hard on a feller after his day's work! Want me to git up 'n' blow the horn for the boy?"

"No, thank you," answered Samantha cuttingly. "I wouldn't ask you to spend your precious breath for fear you'd be too lazy to draw it in agin. When I want to get anything done I can gen'ally spunk up sprawl enough to do it myself, thanks be!"

"Wall now, Samanthy, you cheat the men-folk out of a heap o' pleasure bein' so all-fired independent, did ye know it?"

"'Tremblin' sinner, calm your fears!
Jesus is always ready.'"

"When 'd you see him last?"

"I hain't seen him sence 'bout noon-time. Warn't he in to supper?"

"No. We thought he was off with you. Well, I guess he's gone for the cow, but I should think he'd be hungry. It's kind o' queer."

Miss Vilda was seated at the open window in the kitchen, and Lady Gay was enthroned in her lap, sleepy, affectionate, tractable, adorable.

"How would you like to live here at the White Farm, deary?" asked Miss Vilda.

"O, yet. I yike to live here if Timfy doin' to live here too. I yike oo, I yike Samfy, I yike Dabe, I yike white tat 'n' white tow 'n' white bossy 'n' my boofely desses 'n' my boofely dolly 'n' er day hen 'n' I yikes evelybuddy!"

"But you'd stay here like a nice little girl if Timothy had to go away, wouldn't you?"

"No, I won't tay like nite ittle dirl if Timfy do 'way. If Timfy do 'way, I do too. I's Timfy's dirl."

"But you are too little to go away with Timothy."

"Ven I ky and keam an kick an hold my bwef — I s'ow you how!"

"No, you needn't show me how," said Vilda hastily. "Who do you love best, deary, Samantha or me?"

"I yuv Timfy bet. Lemme twy rit-man-poor-man-bedder-man-fief on your buckalins, pease."

"Then you'll stay here and be my little girl, will you?"

"Yet, I tay here an' be Timfy's ittle dirl. Now oo p'ay by your own seff ittle while, Mit Vildy, pease, coz I dot to det down an find Samfy an' put my dolly to bed coz she's defful seepy."

"It's half past eight," said Samantha coming into the kitchen, "and Timothy ain't nowheres to be found, and Jabe hain't seen him sence noon-time."

"You needn't be scared for fear you've lost your bargain," remarked Miss Vilda sarcastically. "There ain't so many places open to the boy that he'll turn his back on this one, I guess!"

Yet, though the days of chivalry were over, that was precisely what Timothy Jessup had done.

Wilkin's wood was a quiet stretch of timber land that lay along the banks of Pleasant River; and though the natives (for the most part) never noticed but that it was paved with asphalt and roofed in with oilcloth, yet it was, nevertheless, the most tranquil bit of loveliness in all the country round. For there the river twisted and turned and sparkled in the sun, and "bent itself in graceful courtesies of farewell" to the hills it was leaving; and kissed the velvet meadows that stooped to drink from its brimming cup; and lapped the trees gently, as they hung over its crystal mirrors the better to see their own fresh beauty. And here it wound "about and in and out," laughing in the morning sunlight, to think of the tiny streamlet out of which it grew; paling and shimmering at evening when it held the stars and moon-beams in its bosom; and trembling in the night wind to think of the great unknown sea into whose arms it was hurrying.

Here was a quiet pool where the rushes bent to the breeze and the quail dipped her wing; and there a winding path where the cattle came down to the edge, and having looked upon the scene and found it all very good, dipped their sleek heads to drink and drink and drink of the river's nectar. Here the first pink mayflowers pushed their sweet heads through the reluctant earth, and waxen Indian pipes grew in the moist places, and yellow violets hid themselves beneath their modest leaves.

And here sat Timothy, with all his heart in his eyes, bidding good-by to all this soft and tender loveliness. And there, by his side, faithful unto death (but very much in hopes of something better), sat Rags, and thought it a fine enough prospect, but one that could be beaten at all points by a bit of shed-view he knew of, — a superincumbent hash-pan, an empty milk-dish, and an emaciated white cat flying round a corner! The remembrance of these past joys brought the tears to his eyes, but he forbore to let them flow lest he should add to the griefs of his little master, which, for aught he knew, might be as heavy as his own.

Timothy was comporting himself, at this trying crisis, neither as a hero nor as a martyr. There is no need of exaggerating his virtues. Enough to say, not that he was a hero, but that he had in him the stuff out of which heroes are made. Win his heart and fire his imagination, and there is no splendid deed of which the little hero would not have been capable. But that he know precisely what he was leaving behind, or what he was going forth to meet, would be saying too much. One thing he did know: that Miss Vilda had said distinctly that two was one too many, and that he was the objectionable unit referred to. And in addition to this he had more than once heard that very day that nobody in Pleasant River wanted him, but that there would be plenty of homes open to Gay if he were safely out of the way. A little allusion to a Home, which he caught when he was just bringing in a four-leafed clover to show to Samantha, completed the stock of ideas from which he reasoned. He was very clear on one point, and that was that he would never be taken alive and put in a Home with a capital H. He respected Homes, he approved of them, for other boys, but personally they were unpleasant to him, and he had no intention of dwelling in one if he could help it. The situation did not appear utterly hopeless in his eyes. He had his original dollar and eighty-five cents in money; Rags and he had supped like kings off wild blackberries and hard gingerbread; and, more than all, he was young and mercifully blind to all but the immediate present. Yet even in taking the most commonplace possible view of his character it would be folly to affirm that he was anything but unhappy. His soul was not sustained by the consciousness of having done a self-forgetting and manly act, for he was not old enough to have such a consciousness, which is something the good God gives us a little later on, to help us over some of the hard places.

"Nobody wants me! Nobody wants me!" he sighed, as he lay down under the trees, "Nobody ever did want me, — I wonder why! And everybody loves my darling Gay and wants to keep her, and I don't wonder about that. But, oh, if I only belonged to somebody! (Cuddle up close, little Ragsy; we've got nobody but just each other, and you can put your head into the other pocket that hasn't got the gingerbread in it, if you please!) If I only was like that little butcher's boy that he lets ride on the seat with him, and holds the reins when he takes meat into the houses, — or if I only was that freckled-face boy with the straw hat that lives on the way to the store! His mother keeps coming out to the gate on purpose to kiss him. Or if I was Billy Pennell! He's had three mothers and two fathers in three years, Jabe says. Jabe likes me, I think, but he can't have me live at his house, because his mother is the kind that needs plenty of room, he says, — and Samanthy has no house. But I did what I tried to do. I got away from Minerva Court and found a lovely place for Gay to live, with two mothers instead of one; and maybe they'll tell her about me when she grows bigger, and then she'll know I didn't want to run away from her, but whether they tell her or not, she's only a little baby, and boys must always take care of girls; that's what my dream-mother whispers to me in the night, — and that's . . . what . . . I'm always . . ."

Come! gentle sleep, and take this friendless little knight-errant in thy kind arms! Bear him across the rainbow bridge, and lull him to rest with the soft splash of waves and sighing of branches! Cover him with thy mantle of dreams, sweet goddess, and give him in sleep what he hath never had in waking!

Meanwhile a more dramatic scene was being enacted at the White Farm. It was nine o'clock, and Samantha had gone from pond to garden, shed to barn, and gate to dairy, a dozen times, but there was no sign of Timothy. Gay had refused to be undressed till "Timfy" appeared on the premises, but had fallen asleep in spite of the most valiant resolution, and was borne upstairs by Samantha, who made her ready for bed without waking her.

(To be Continued.)

"YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL DO."

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He had been a member of a Christian church; had pious parents, brothers and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow-travellers said to him:—

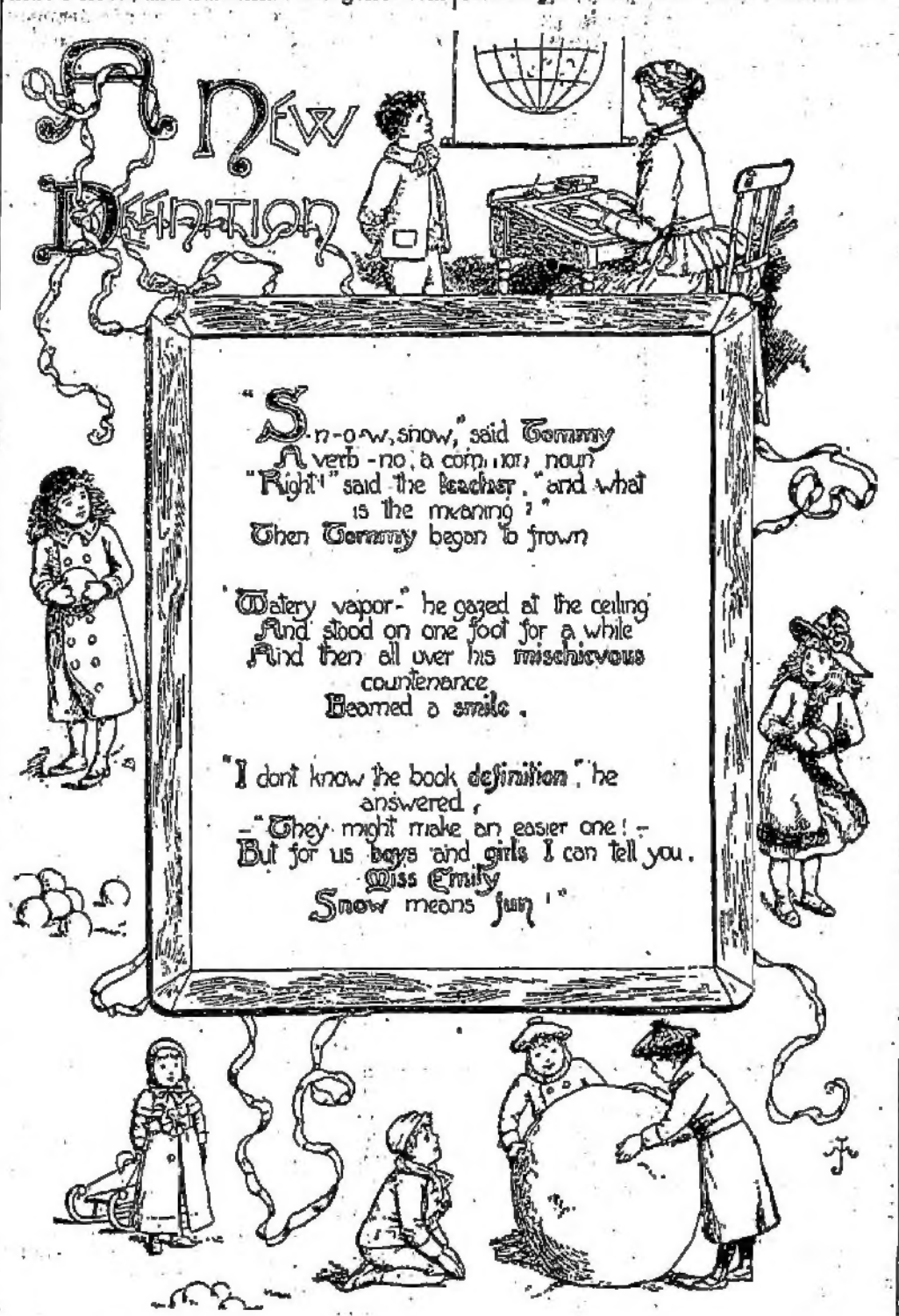
"Come, let us be off for a drive and see the sights."

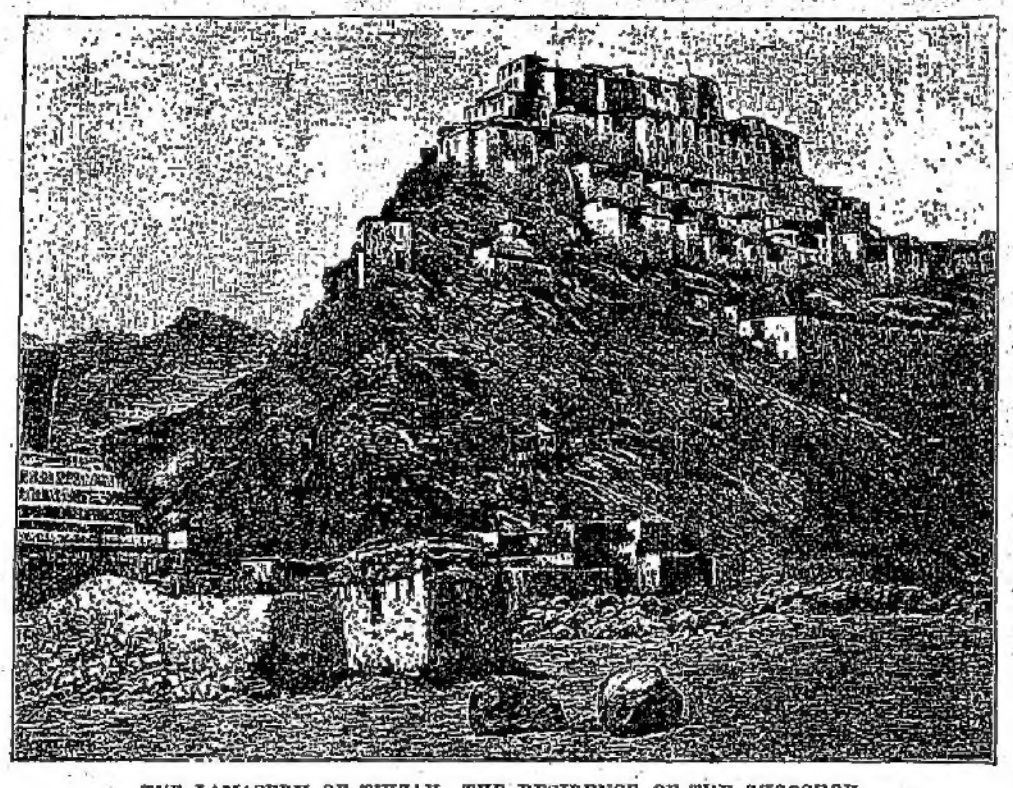
"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said:—

"Right, my boy! I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honor to him, in that far-away place and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Mid-Continent.*


New Definition
"Snow, snow," said Tommy
A verb - no, a common noun
"Right!" said the teacher, "and what
is the meaning?"
Then Tommy began to frown
"Watery vapor" he gazed at the ceiling
And stood on one foot for a while
And then all over his mischievous
countenance
Beamed a smile.
"I dont know the book definition" he
answered,
—"They might make an easier one!—
But for us boys and girls I can tell you.
Miss Emily
Snow means fun!"



THE LAMASERY OF TIKZAY, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SKOOSHOK.

ONE OF COUSIN JENNIE'S BOYS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"What are you doing, Jennie?" asked her cousin, Fred Arlington.

"Picking out some temperance texts for my Sunday-school scholars," replied Jennie.

"Got some of the terrible old-drunkard texts?" asked Fred, curiously, looking at her collection.

"I have a sprinkling of them, but what I especially want for my boys is the kind of instruction that warns them away from the beginnings of evil. I want to keep them away from the first contact with evil, the touching and the sipping of the lighter drinks,—the beer, the ale, the cider. They won't meddle with the heavier ones then."

"Then you don't regard beer and ale, for instance, as temperance drinks,—a kind of substitute beverages for the old strong ones, a sort of moderation drinks"—

"Fred Arlington, come here, please," said Jennie, rather impetuously. "When a person talks that way, I spare my words and resort to facts. Come to this window, please. There! Look down street as far as you can see, and you will make out a corner saloon, a beer-shop. See it? I think I can smell it sometimes. Now, I am obliged to go by that hole, and I see people with flushed faces, in shabby clothes sometimes, and sometimes also with unsteady steps, coming out of that den. If it were a coffee-house there, do you suppose I should see any unsteady steps? I might see folks in poor clothes; but should I be likely to hear boisterous and profane talk, which sometimes echoes round the door of that beer-saloon?"

"O well, there is a moderation in all things, cousin."

"I rather think so; and I propose to see that my Sunday-school boys practice the kind of moderation that is safe."

"And you think that your young moderation army will stand fire?"

"Stand temptation? I won't claim too much. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,' you know. I shall do my best to prepare them. Then, when temptation comes, may God help them."

"O you are too serious, cousin Jennie."

"Too serious, yet that thing on the corner?" she asked, pointing in the direction of the beer-saloon.

Two weeks later, Fred was present at a dinner party. It was a family affair, in which the tribe of Mansfields were interested, and Fred, as a special friend of the family, was asked. Old and young were there, and the most of them were known to Fred.

There was beer on the table. "Fred, you will have some?" asked Mr. John Mansfield. "It will do you good."

"Thank you," said Fred, accepting the glass, and wishing that Cousin Jennie were there to witness his self-control.

The host bowed to a burly, red-faced man, and called out, "Cousin Joe, you will have a glass?"

"Thank you," grunted Cousin Joe.

"That man makes a noise like a pig, and looks like one," thought Fred.

"And my nephew, Jimmy?" continued the host, turning to a boy with sparkling eyes.

Here this stream of gracious hospitality ran against a rock. "No, I thank you, Uncle John." It was a clear, decided voice. People looked up.

"Hadn't you better?" said the uncle.

"I never drink," replied Jimmy, with dignity.

"Hee-hee-hee!" grunted the pig. Others laughed.

"Oh, it is only beer. It won't hurt you," said the uncle.

The sparkling eyes looked as if a sudden rain had swept them; and Jimmy said, "I think you ought not to insist upon it, uncle."

The host had been guilty of a discourtesy, a rudeness that no polite master or mistress at a feast will ever exhibit. He was man enough now to say, "I—I—I beg pardon, Jimmy."

The feast went on, but it was a rather embarrassed company. The stream of careless hospitality that had been confronted by a rock afterwards ran against several snags. Fred, for some reason, did not touch his glass. He sat opposite the "pig," and that may have affected Fred. The "pig" was hilarious, and Fred, in thought, saw the man's glass widening into a trough.

"What a difference between this creature and Cousin Jennie!" thought Fred. "If she had had him and that beer-saloon also to illustrate her remarks, what could I have done?"

As it was, Fred felt that he had not accomplished much in that conversation. The dinner over, the company separated, and Fred went to a business engagement. A few hours later he was passing the old beer-shop at the corner. He caught the sound of heavy steps issuing from the door, and there was the "pig" rolling out heavily, and looking as if his mind were confused on all subjects like the way home, the distance, and how to get there.

"If Cousin Jennie were here and knew as much as I know," thought Fred, "it would be very hard for me to argue, but O how easy for Jennie! See here!" he continued to soliloquize. "Wonder if I ought to help this pig. He can walk, but he really needs somebody just to steer him."

Fred was thinking how he would look walking off with the "pig." And what if Cousin Jennie met him and found that he was towing away this stupid man from that headquarters of the "moderation" movement, the beer-shop on the corner! He was in the midst of these uncomfortable meditations when he heard a light, quick step near him. A boy came bounding across the street, and, laying a gentle hand on the arm of the drunken man, said, pleasantly, "Cousin Joe, I'm here," and then led him away.

"Who—who is that young chap?" wondered Fred. "He looks sort of natural. I'll follow them, see if I don't."

Cousin Joe was led by his gentle conductor along several streets, and was finally left at a door that, like the beer-shop, looked shabby. Here an old man appeared, and went in with Cousin Joe.

"Good-by," the guide had sorrowfully said, and was going away when Fred detained him.

"Haven't I seen you before?" asked Fred.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, lifting his cap, which, resting low on his forehead, had partially disguised him. "You were at Uncle John's dinner party."

"Well, well," said Fred, "you took quite a temperance stand. You are the boy that said no. I think my Cousin Jennie would like you for her class. She is a great temperance woman."

"What is her other name?" asked Jimmy.

"Arlington."

"Oh, I am one of your Cousin Jennie's boys."—*Golden Rule.*

A LENTEN THOUGHT.

OLIVE E. DANA.

Sweet is the story of the manger cradle,
And of the empty tomb;
The Christmas gladness and the joy of Easter
Dispel life's deepest gloom.

But precious, also, is the Gospel record
Of a mysterious strife,
Where subtle and satanic strength beleaguered
That one unsullied Life.

Those many days when he, our Saviour, tarried
There in the wilderness!
We bring our fears, our struggles, our temptations,
And leave them there with his.

He suffered, being tempted, and we also
Gain strength to battle on;
Out of his pain and faintness, what strange comfort
And peace for us are born!

The sympathy of Christ in our temptations—
This is the Lenten truth;
Let not the Lenten sadness overshadow
Its dear and joyous ruth!

Forever and forever, where are struggle,
And faith, and outstretched hands,
There, pitiful, triumphant, living, loving,
The tempted Jesus stands.

Ah! that this comfort of our Lord's own presence,
Before, beside, within,
Might make us stronger, swifter, purer, surer,
Of conquest over sin!

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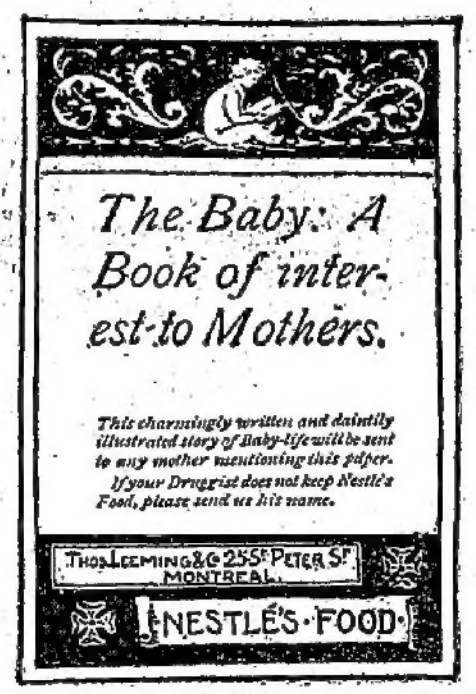
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